

Title: A Shanty

Author: Canto Canzione

Aye, have crossed
o'er the sea --
The brineways, cold
and dark and
deep.
Have rid the
rolling coils of
waves
Out where the
seagulls wail and
weep.
And though my heart
is salted through,
Cold and deep as any
mere,
Away out on the Ocean
blue,
I've never once
known ought of fear.

For he who rides the
brineways cold
And he, the lover to
the Sea
Will ever find his
mistress bold
And with her's he'll
long to be.